Ode to Chicago

Purple gray fog held snug against
the empty stone faces of buildings.
Gaunt billowed figures against
the planes of white.
Lonely errands in an empty city.
Cheeseburger and fries eaten alone in
a fast food storefront while gazing
at cold sidewalks.

Streets cracked and broken like the faces
on the old black men and women who
slowly plod by.
Uncaring drivers careen recklessly,
missing pedestrians, ignoring all signs
and lights in desperate flurry.
Peeling murals, remnant of a dead and misguided
past stand guard over the equally moribund
present.
The cold round faces, the flowers, some half
fallen to the ground, surround the bricked in
windows, the trash and the broken glass.

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